## TWO PAIRS OF SHOES

## By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN



tumbled overboard went to the bettom-

'twas the handlest place to go. Anyway we was there, and I was proppin' up the stove with my feet and holdwhen Jonadab heaves alongside flyin' distress signals. He had an envelope in his starboard mitten, an, comin' to anchor with a flop in the next chair, sets shiftin' the thing from one hand to the other as if it 'twas red hot.

I watched this performance for a spell waitin' for him to say somethin', but he says: "What you doin'-playin' solitaire? of front fence," he says. Which hand's ahead?"

He kind of woke up then, and passes the envelope over to me.

"Barzilla." he says, "what in time do

you s'pose that is?" the average length fore and aft, but kind of scant in the beam. There was a pud- place. corner was a kind of picture thing in colors, with some printin' in a furrin language underneath it. I b'lieve 'twas what they call a "coat-of-arms," but it looked more like a patchwork comforter than it did like any coat ever I see. The envelope was addressed to "Captain Jonadab Wixon, Orham, Mass."

I took my turn at twistin' the thing around, and then I hands back to Jona-

"I pass." I says. "Where'd you get

"'Twas in my box," says he. "Must have come in to-night's mail."

I didn't know the mail was sorted, but when he says that I got up and went over and unlocked my box, jest to show that I hadn't forgot how, and I swan to man if there wa'n't another envelope, jest like Jonadab's, except that 'twas addressed to "Barzilla Wingate."

"Humph!" says I, comin' back to the stove; "you ain't the only one that's heard from the Prince of Wales. Look

He was the most surprised man, but one, on the Cape: I was the one. We couldn't make head nor tail of the bus'ness, and set there comparin' the envelopes, and wonderin' who on earth had ry club.' Well, come on up to the house sent' em. Ptetty soon "Ily" Tucker heads and ease his mind." over towards our moorin's, and says he: "What's troublin' the ancient mariners?" more surprised than Peter.

"Barzille and me's got a couple of letters," says Cap'n Jonadab; "and we was

wond'rin' who they was from. Tucker leaned away down-he's always suff'rin' from a rush of funniness to the crocheted curtains and electric lights. I face-and he whispers, awful solemn. "For Heaven's sake, whatever you do, corner-big ones, man's size. I rememdon't open 'em. You might find out." ber Cap'n Jonadab hollerin' to me that Then he threw off his main-batch and night when we was gittin' ready to turn "haw-hawed" like a loon.

To tell you the truth, we hadn't to drink, and he comes back quick.

"Ily," he says, lookin' troubled, "you

that-havin' held our own on the tack, the rooms downstairs where the folks so to speak-and we walked out of the was, was a good deal like dodgin' icepost office and up to my room in the bergs up on the Banks, but one or two Trav'lers' Rest, where we could be alone. noticed us enough to Cp the co'-- and Then we opened our envelopes, slick and one was real sociable. He was a kind of smooth as a mack'rel's back, and inside slow-spoken city feller, dressed as if his of that wah a letter, printed, but lookin' clothes was poured over him hot and In the copybook at school. It said that splice in the middle of it-'twas Cates-Ebenezer Dillaway begged the honor of by-Stuart. Everybody-that is, most our presence at the marriage of his everybody-called him "Phil." daughter, Belle, to Peter Theodoscius Well, sir, Phil cottoned to Jonadab and hundred and so forth

so we went. I had a new Sunday cut- mostly. away and light pants to go with it, so "Somehow or 'nother Phil got Cap'n of July firework She was deef, too, and time, 11 o'clock, so we had time enough ligious service every time the flatiron pretty! He nipped her close enough to water on it?" I asked her, and she allowed I figgered that I was pretty well found, Jonadab talkin' "boat," and when Jona- used an ear trumpet pretty nigh as big for quite a trip. but Cap'n Jonadab had to pry himself dab talks "boat" there ain't no stoppia' as a steamer's ventilator. loose from consider'ble money, and every him. He's the smartest feller in a cat- Maybe she was "dyin' to know us," but I s'pose it 'twas style, but, if I hadn't cash ho'd spent.

deal than Orbam, and so we call'lated that a spell-but never mind that now.

and me went to the bigger than four Old Homes spliced to- to speak git Jonadab tellin' 'bout the gregation. There was trees, and places for flower- reef; he looked solemn as a fun'ral all and whoops into the trumpet. what. We see right off that this was the think we was makin' a great hit. Well, with his laundry," he says.

I've spent all that money on duds for Now that I've discovered somethin' post your old messmate. Catesby-Stuart looked the deck and commenced: "Now I lay he rattled loose somethin' sim-lar. nuthin'?" he says. "No, sir, by thunder! itively original, let me enjoy myself. The solemn as ever and never turned a hair. me." Talk about goin'! "Twas "The Cap'n and the Admiral," says looked the same way. that's goin' to be his wife; and I ain't only begun." scared of Ebenezer neither; no matter if I didn't know what he meant then; I was a miracle, pretty high. She couldn't tin' ready to climb a bank; but 'fore she me with their advice concernin' he does live in the Manufacturers Build- do now. didn't, so I hailed, kind of sarcastic, and in', with two or three thousand fathom

the "Palace of Agriculture" or "Streets Jonadab pretty nigh took the driver's didn't flounce any to speak of. I guess a Orham cat boat, but she does fairly a go?"

hre when ready, Gridley!"

bend in the path and I'm blessed if was togged up till Jonadab and me, in game. You see, when a green city chap of my stiff hat and whizzed out through 'twa'n't Peter T. Brown. He was rigged to kill, as usual, only more so.

"Hello, Peter!" I says. "Here we be." If ever a feller was surprised, Brown was that feller. He looked like he'd struck a rock where there was deep water on the chart.

"Well, I'll be-," he begun, and then stopped. "What in the ---," he commenced again, and again his wind died out. Fin'lly he says: "Is this you, or had I better quit and try another pipe?"

We told him 'twas us, and it seemed to me that he wa'n't nigh so tickled as he'd ought to have been. When he found we'd come to the weddin' 'count of Ebecezer sendin' us word, he didn't say nothin' for a minute or so.

"Of course, we had to come," says Jonadab. "We felt 'twoulin't be right to disapp'int Mr. Dillaway."

Peter kind of twisted his mouth. 'That's so," he says. "It'll be worth more'n a box of di'monds to him. Do him more good than j'inin' a 'don't wor-

So we done it, and Ebenezer acted even

I can't tell you anything about that house, nor the fixin's in it; it beat me a mile-that house did. We had a room somewheres up on the hurricane deck, with brass bunks and plush carpets and swan there was lookin' glasses in every

"For the land's sake, Barzilla!" says thought of openin' 'em-not yit-so that he, "turn out them lights, will ye ? I was kind of one on us, as you might say, ala't over'n above bashful, but them But Jonadab ain't so slow but he can lookin' glasses makes me feel's if I was catch up with a hearse if the horse stop undressin' along with all hands and the cook."

The house was full of comp'ny, and ought to sew reef-points on your mouth. more kept comin' all the time. Swells! 'Tain't safe to open the whole of it on don't talk! We felt 'bout as much at a windy night like this. Fust thing you home as a cow in a dory, but we was know you'll carry away the top of your there 'cause Ebenezer had asked us to be there, so we kept on the course and Well, we felt consider ble 'better after didn't signal for help. Travelin' through like the kind of writin' that used to be then left to cool. His last name had a

Brown, at Willamead House, Cashmere- me right away. He'd git us, one on each on-the Hudson, February three, nineteen wing, and go through that house asking questions. He pumped me and Jonadab our new cutaways, felt like a couple of comes to the Old Home House-and the the legs of my thin Sunday pants till We were surprised of course, and dry about how we came to be there, and moultin' blackbirds at a bluejay camp- land knows there's freaks enough do felt for all the world like the ventilatin' Well, if I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't have pleased in one way, but in another we told us morn yarns than a few 'bout meetin'. Ebenezer was so busy, flyin' come—we always try to make things pipe on an ice chest. I could see why b'lieved that a human bein' could spin so make things pipe on an ice chest. I could see why b'lieved that a human bein' could spin so make things pipe on an ice chest. I could see why b'lieved that a human bein' could spin so make things pipe on an ice chest. I could see why b'lieved that a human bein' could spin so make things pipe on an ice chest. I could see why b'lieved that a human bein' could spin so make things pipe on an ice chest. I could see why b'lieved that a human bein' could spin so make things pipe on an ice chest. I could see why b'lieved that a human bein' could spin so make things pipe on an ice chest. I could see why b'lieved that a human bein' could spin so make things pipe on an ice chest. I could see why b'lieved that a human bein' could spin so make things pipe on an ice chest. I could see why b'lieved that a human bein' could spin so make things pipe on an ice chest. I could see why b'lieved that a human bein' could spin so make things pipe on an ice chest. I could see why b'lieved that a human bein' could spin so make things pipe on an ice chest. I could see why b'lieved that a human bein' could spin so make things pipe on an ice chest. I could see why b'lieved that a human bein' could spin so make things pipe on an ice chest. I could see why b'lieved that a human bein' could spin so make things pipe on an ice chest. I could see why b'lieved that a human bein' could spin so make things pipe on an ice chest. wa'nt real tickled to death. You see, Dillaway, and how rich he was. I re- 'round like a pullet with its head off, pleasant for him, and the last thing we'd Phil was wearin' the bedclothes; what I 'twas a good while sence Jonadab and member he said that he only wished he that he'd hardly spoke to us sence we think of was makin' him a show afore was sufferin' for jest then was a feather legs made a kind of smoky circle in the legs made a ki me had been to a weddin', and we knew had the keys to the cellar so he could landed, but Phil scarcely ever left us, folks. So we couldn't b'lieve even now mattress on each side of me. there'd be mostly young folks there and show us the money-bins. Said Ebenezer so we wa'n't lonesome. Pretty soon he 'twas done a-purpose. But we was susa good many big-bugs, we presumed like- was so jest-well, rotten with money, as comes back from a beat into the next picious, a little. ly, and 'twas goin' to cost consider'ble you might say, that he kept it in bins room, and he says: to git rigged-not to mention the price of down cellar, same as poor folks kept "There's a lady here that's jest dyin' to turn in, "tain't possible that that fel- right then, when the fishin' was good, I passage, and one thing a' 'nother. But coal-gold in one bin, silver half-dollars to know you gentlemen. Her name's ler with the sprained last name is jest cal'late he'd have fetched port with a Ebenezer had took the trouble to write in another, quarters in another, and so Granby. Tell her all about the Cape; havin' fun with us, is it?" us, and so we felt 'twas our duty not to on. When he needed any, he'd say to a she'll like it And, by the way, my dear "Jonadab." says I, "I've been wond'rin' to speak, and that's where he slopped disappoint him, and especially Peter, who servant: "James, fetch me up a hod of feller," he whispers to Jonadab, "if you that myself." had done so much for us, managin' the change." This was only one of the fish want to please her-er-mightily, con- And we wondered for an hour, and fin- eatin' mince pie-it's the "one more Old Home House at Wellmouth Port. | yarns he told. They sounded kind of gratulate her upon her boy's success in ally decided to wait a while and say slice" that fetches the nightmare. Phil I've told you already how the Old Home scaly to Jonadab and me, but if we hint- the laundry bus'ness. You understand." nothin' till we could ask Ebenezer. And stopped to get that slice. House come to be started, and how Peter ed at such a thing, he'd pull himself to- he says, winkin', "only son and selfmade the next mornin' one of the stewards T. Brown dropped in from nowhere and gether and say: "Fact, I assure you," man, don't you know." made such a howlin' success of the thing, in a way to freeze your vitals. He Mrs. Granby was roostin' all by her- and grub, and says that Mr. Catesbyand how he got engaged to the star seemed like such a good feller that we self on a sofy in the parlor. She was Stuart requested the pleasure of boarder. Ebenezer Dillaway's daughter- didn't mind his tellin' a few big ones; fleshy, but terrible stiff and proud, and comp'ny on a afore-breakfast ice boat Dillaway of the Consolidated Cash Stores, we'd known good fellers afore that liked when she moved the different fluids and dry clean. Well, we see 'twas our duty to go, to lie-gunners and sech like, they were shook till her head and neck looked like ha'f an hour. They didn't have breakfast, minute or so on a stretch. And 'twa'n't way Jonadab coaxed that cocked hat on ers, and inside of all the original spot

about three o'clock on the afternoon of to so much trouble on our account, but to whichever one of us had hailed, heel- nightcap, tassel and all.

sight of Dillamend-Ebenezer's place-we of 'em in a corner, or under a palm tree kept pretty quiet, too, so that every yell subject to ice boats.

Dillaway filled the whole ship channel. one side after a talk like this and whis- make a hit, and they done it. The wom- slow. "Well," I says to Jonadab, "it looks to pers to him, laughin' like fun. Phil says en 'round the room turned red and some | "Now, then," says he, "we'll take a lit- I wasn't expectin' to fly an admiral's of what Mr. Catesby-Stuart says, nor you me as if we was gittin' out of soundin's. to him: "My dear boy, I've been to of 'em covered their mouths with their tle ja'nt up the river. 'Course, this ain't pennant quite so quick, but I managed What do you say to comin' about and thousands of these things-" wavin' his handkerchiefs. The men looked glad and like one of your Cape Cod cats, but to shake out through my teeth-they You see," he says, "he's a dreadful pracmakin' a quick run for Orham again?" | flipper scornful around the premises- | set up and took notice. Ebenezer wa'n't still--" But he wouldn't hear of it. "S'pose "and upon honor they've all been alike. in the room-which was a mercy-but And then I dug my finger nails into I was glad to know the feller. Jonadab,

growin' in tubs all over the house, and to give 'em a chance,

speak for a minute-jest cackled like a nosed the shore Phil would put the helm navigation of ice-yachts. Archie, The marryin' was done about 8 o'clock, hen. Then she busts out with: "How over, and we'd whirl round like a wind- you're willin' to enter against such

of Cairo," or some other outlandish larboard ear off with a shoe Phil gave a "sneak" would come nearer to tellin' well-er-fairly. Now, for instance, how how we quit. I see the cap'n headin' for does this strike you?" After the weddin' the folks was settin' the stairs and I fell into his wake. No- It struck us-I don't think any got Now Phil had lied when he said we pedoes! Keep her as she is! You can under the palms and bushes that was body said good night, and we didn't wait away. I expected every minute to land was "fav'rin' him with advice,

So we sot sail for what we judged was the stewards-there was enough of 'em | Course we knew we'd put our foot in it prospect looked kind of invitin', if only Ebenezer's front gate, and, jest as we to man a four-master—was cartin' round somewheres, but we didn't see jest how. to git somewheres where 'twas warm. Jonadab and me was dyin' to tell him and all the rest, and I give you my word made it, a man comes whistlin' round the punch and frozen victuals. Everybody Even then we wa'n't really on to Phil's That February wind went in at the top

why Cap'n Jonadab over the river, and the house itself was hends. Then he'd begin to show us off, so knees, as if I was preachin' to a big con-, flatiron on skates was somethin' bran- the boat with him. new. I didn't think much of it, and I "Hello, Phil!" he yells, roundin' his Jonadab had, by the way he colored up.

pectin' any mail, high stone wall for trimmin' on the edges, but Phil's face wouldn't shake out a rememberin' Phil's orders, leans over tail I was read to take it all back and you might be out. Are you game for a better go after him now." say I never said it. I done enough race?" beds in summer, and the land knows the time. Jonadab and me begun to "I'm real glad your son done so well prayin' in the next ha'f hour to square "Archie," answers our skipper, solemn "Cap'n," he says, lookin' round to make up for every Friday night meetin' I'd as a settin' hen. "Permit me to intro- sure none of the comp'ny was follerin' real Cashmere-on-the-Hudson; the village we was, but not the way we thought. I Well, sir, Phil had give us to under- missed sence I was a boy. Phil got sail duce to you Cap'n Jonadab Wixon and him out to the ice boat, "I've wanted to folks were stranded on the flats-old remember one of the gang gits Phil to stand that them congratulations would on to her, and we moved out kind of Admiral Barzilla Wingate of Orham on speak to you afore, but I haven't had

in the hereafter, and it got so that the

DON'T exactly know of the race. 'Twas up on a high bank direction and make us known to all 'round. I began to git shaky at the know a boat when I sighted one, but a a hail. There was two other chaps on "Where's Phil?" he says.

I ain't scared of Peter Brown, nor her entertainment by the Heavenly Twins is But as for old lady Granby-whew! "F-s-s-s-t!" and we was a mile from Phil, "havin' sailed the ragin' main for She got redder'n she was afore, which home. "Bu-z-z-z!" and we was jest get- lo! these many years, are now fav'rin' like. "Now, in that matter of Mrs. and done with all the trimmins'. All dare you!" and flounces out of that room mill, with me and Jonadab bitin' the handicap of brains and barnacles, I'll is, her boy is a broker down in Wall Some years ago Jonadab got reckless hands manned the yards in the best par- like a hurricane. And it was still as plankin, and hangin on for dear life, race you on a beat up to the p'int youand went on a cut-rate excursion to the lor, and Peter and Belle was hitched. could be for a minute, and then two or and my heart, that had been up in my der, then on the ten mile run afore the some of what they all 'wash sales' of World's Fair out in Chicago, and ever Then they went away in a swell turnout three of the girls begun to squeal and mouth, knockin' the soles of my boots wind to the buoy opposite the club, and stock. It's against the rules of the sence then he's been comparin' things -not like the derelict backs we'd seen giggle behind their handkerchiefs. off. And Cap'n Catesby-Stuart would back to the cove by Dillaway's. And change to do that, and the papers have with the "Manufacturers Buildin'" or stranded by the Cashmere depot-and Jonadab and me went away, too. We grin, and drawl: "Course, this ain't like we'll make it for a case of wine. Is it been full of the row. You can see," says

minute afore us.

And on that run afore the wind 'twas "Hum!" grunts Jonadab, kind of dry wuss than ever. The way Phil see- and bitter, as if he'd been to wormsawed that piece of pie back and forth wood tea. "I see. He's been havin' a over the river was a sin and shame. He good time makin' durn fools out of us." could have slacked off his mainsail and "Well," says Ebenezer, "not exactly headed dead for the buoy, but no, he that, p'raps, but-" jiggled around like an old woman And then along comes Archie and his crossin' the road ahead of a funeral. | crowd in the other ice boat.

Cap'n Jonadab was on edge. Racin' "Hi!" he yells. "Who sailed that boat pin-cushion. By and by he snaps out: -why, where is Phil?"

wind! Can't you see where you're goin'?" we jibed," I says. image, and all the answer he made was: the three of 'em just roared. "Be calm, Barnacles; be m!"

life out of you!" And all the good that don as for me When they'd gone, Jonadab turned \*\*

wind, if such a thing's possible.

and when we come out into the broad : "I guess so," says Dillaway. I b'llere part of the river, within a little ways of he told one of the guests that he was the buoy, he couldn't stand it no longer, |goin' to put Cape Cod on ice this "You're spillin' ha'f the wind!" he yells. | mornin'." "P'int her for the buoy or else you'll be I looked away up the river where a licked to death! Jibe her so's she gits it little black so : was jest gettin' to full. Jibe her, you lubber! Don't' you shore. And I th ght I how ch ly the

And the next thing I knew he fetched a water must have felt, and what a long hop like a frog, shoved Phil out of the ways 'twas from home. And then I way grabbed the tiller and jammed it smiled, slow and wide; there was a barge

She jibed-oh, yes, she jibed! If any- smile. body says she didn't, you send 'em to me. I give you my word that that flat-iron | chance for a joke," says Ebenezer. jibed twice-once for practice, I jedge, tens on to the little brass rail by the our extension cases for the next train. stern and hold on; then she jibed the second time. She stood up on two legs, the whole shebang whirled around as if a different pair of shoes." it had forgot somethin'. I have a foggy kind of remembrance of lockin' my tten clamps fast on to the rail while the rest burgee. Next thing I knew we was scootin' back toward Dillaway's, with the sail catchin' every ounce that was blowin'. Jonadab was braced across the tiller, and there, behind us, was the Hon. Philip Catesby-Stuart, flat on his back, with his blanket legs lookin' like a pair of compasses, and skimmin 'in whirligigs over the slack ice toward Albany. He hadn't had nothin 'to hold onto, you understand, long or travel so fast on h 'ack, is mother." He come to a place where some snow with glee. had melted in the sun and there was a Marjorie has," she said. "She showed it

pond, as you might say, on the ice, and he went through that, heavin' spray like grandmother. Right on the front of the simmer folks have. He'd have been as don't know what it can be!" pretty as a fountain, if we'd had time to stop and look at him.

soon's I could git my breath. "You've and spotout and-" spilled the skipper!"

one of them "set pieces" at the Fourth at Ebenezer's till pretty close to dinner necessary for us to hold a special rs-runners over the ice was pretty-yes, sir, come about. Altogether we was in that the wind'ard, and he took advantage of she hadn't. condition where the doctor might have every single chance. He always could "Well, I got out the original spot in sail: I'll say that for him. We walked about five minutes," said Mrs. Barlow

Now, I'd clean forgot Phil, and I guess post office that gether. It had a fair-sized township boats he'd sailed, or somethin' like it- After a spell Jonadab didn't either. flat-iron into the wind abreast of ours "Phil?" says he. "Phil?" says he. "Phil?" says he. around it in the shape of land, with a and them fellers would laugh and holler, to think of anything more to say, and But in about three shakes of a lamb's and bobbin' his night-cap. "I hoped left him up the road a piece. Maybe we'd

But old Dillaway had so the chance. You mustn't b'lieve too much

"Yes," says Jonadab, beginnin' to look sick. I didn't say nothin' but I guess I

"Yes," said Ebenezer, kind of uneasy the Granby. I s'pose Phil put you up to if askin' her about her son's laundry, Ye ? Well, I thought so. You see, the fact Street, and he's been caught makin' Dillaway, "how the laundry question king of stirred the old lady up. But. Archie, he laughed and said it was, Lord! it must have been funny," and he

I looked at Jonadab, and he looked at 'cause me, I thought of Marm Granby, and her we harn't said a word; but that beat bein' "dyin' to know us," d I thought up to the p'int wa'n't ha'f over afore of the lies about the "hod of change" a few things. He handled that boat like I didn't grin, not enough to show my a lobster. Archie gained on every wisdom teeth, anyhow. A crack in the tack and come about for the run a full ice an inch wide would have held me. with room to spare; I know that.

was where he lived, as they might say, of yours? He knew his bus'ness atr and he fidgeted like he was settin' on a right. I never say anything better. Phil "Keep her off! Keep her off afore the I answered him. "Phil got out when

Phil looked at him as if he was a graven "Was that Phil?" he hollers, and then

"Oh, by Jove, you w!" says Archie; But pretty soon I couldn't stand it no "that's the funniest thing I car saw. longer, and I busts out with: "Keep or And on Phil too! He'll never hear the off, Mr. What's-your name! For the last of it at the club-by, boys?" And Lord's sake, keep her off! He'll beat the then they just beliered and laughed again.

to get a stare that was colder than the Ebenezer and he says: "That takin us our on this boat was another of havia" But Jonadab got fidgetyer every minute, fun with the countrymen. Hey?"

know how? Here! let me show you!" | wind was out there, and how that iceload of joy in every ha'f inch of that "It's a cold day when Phil loses a

"'Tain't exactly what you'd call sum-

and then for bus'ness. She commenced mery jest now," I says. And we hauled by twistin' and squirmin' like an eel. I down sail, run the ice boat up to the jest had sense enough to clamp my mit- wharf, and went up to our room to pack "You see," says Jonadab, puttin'

other shirt, "it's easy enough to git the the boom come over with a slat that best of Cape folks on wash sales and pretty nigh took the mast with it, and lyin', but when it comes to boats, that's

"I guess Phil'll agree with you," I says.

## The Last Resort. When her granddaughter arrived from

the city to spend Thanksgiving with her, Mrs. Barlow was a little overpowered. "She's so pretty, and knows so much, handsome clothes. I'm a little afraid of her," she confided to the girl's grandfather. "Sho, now!" said Mr. Barlow, in a com-

forting tone. "I'll risk but what you'll tell her plenty of things she doesn't know

air over him, and he'd got such a start phecy came true, says Youth's Companion. that I thought he'd never stop a-goin'. Mrs. Barlow told him of it that night

to me, and said, 'Look at that spot one of them circular lawn sprinklers the skirt, and nothing will take it out.

"So I asked her what she'd used, and she told me. I can't half remember the names, but there was dryrub and cleanall "For the land sakes, heave to!" I yelled, and benzine and chloroform and chloris

"Hold on," said Mr. Barlow, "you're "Skipper be durned!" howls Jonadab, making up some o' those names." "Well, hers were just as ridiculous." over our variousness. We could manage course; "We'll come back for him by and a sight as that skirt was-rings of one to git along without spreadin' out like by. It's our bus'ness to win this race." color and rings of another, where she

"'Have you ever tried soap and warm

ideas on the subject. Your old chum, "Gosh!" savs Jonadab, tuggin' at his Mrs. Barlow: "but I shall write Myra to country kind of a town, smaller by a good mine. I assure you." Well, 'twas his for shifted. She acted to me kind of uneasy, so early the night afore. Said he'd high so fur's sailin' was concerned, any. York that time, and you can't beat the hers would be so without a knowledge of but everybody that come into that par- planned to entertain us all the evenin'. body could see that, but he had some- Cape when it comes to gittin' over water, the rudiments, and have to come to the p'haps, after all, the affair wouldn't be so He introduced us to quite a lot of the lor-and they kept pilin' in all the time We didn't hurrah much at this-bein' thin' to larn. He wasn't beginning to not even if the water's froze. Hey, Bar- country to learn 'em. I shall ask her is change Marjorie's college-leastways 14



"She Couldn't Speak for a Minute."

comes up to our room with some coffee

"Barzilla," says Jonadab, gittin' ready I guess he enjoyed it. If he'd stopped full hold, but no, he had to rub it in, so over. You know how 'tis when you're

> He kept whizzin' up and down that held out some hopes.

cent hurt as it 'twas nailed on. Then boat that ever handled a tiller, and he's she didn't have a fit tryin' to show it. Me known I'd have swore he'd run short of And, in spite of the cold, we was up on Archie like he'd set down to rest, smoothing down her apron with a satishe had chilbleins that winter, and all won more races than any man on the and Jonadab felt we'd ought to be so- duds and had dressed up in the bed- noticin' how Phil was sailin' that three- and passed him afore he was within a half fied air. "and some of the cleaning circular than the bed- noticin' how Phil was sailin' that three- and passed him afore he was within a half fied air. "and some of the cleaning circular than the bed- noticin' how Phil was sailin' that three- and passed him afore he was within a half fied air. "and some of the cleaning circular than the bed- noticin' how Phil was sailin' that three- and passed him afore he was within a half fied air. "and some of the cleaning circular than the bed- noticin' how Phil was sailin' that three- and passed him afore he was within a half field air. "and some of the cleaning circular than the bed- noticin' how Phil was sailin' that three- and passed him afore he was within a half field air. "and some of the cleaning circular than the bed- noticin' how Phil was sailin' that three- and passed him afore he was within a half field air. "and some of the cleaning circular than the bed- noticin' how Phil was sailin' that three- and passed him afore he was within a half field air. "and some of the cleaning circular than the bed- noticin' how Phil was sailin' that three- and passed him afore he was within a half field air." the way over in the Fall River boat he Cape, I cal'late. Phil asked him and me clable, and so we set, one on each side clothes. I felt of his coat when he wa'n't cornered sneak-box-noticin' and critiwas fumin' about them chilblains, and if we'd ever sailed on an ice boat, and, of her on the sofy, and believed: "How noticin', and if it wa'n't made out of a cisin'; at least, I was, and Cap'n Jona- away's, puttin' on all the fancy frills of her, the dress won't ever look the same addin' up on a piece of paper how much when we said we hadn't he asks if we d'ye do?" and "Fine day, aip't it?" into blanket then I never slept under one. dab, bein', as I've said, the best skipper a liner comin' into port, and there was on account of some of the material havwon't take a sail with him on the river that ear-trumpet. She didn't say much, And it made me think of my granddad to of small craft from Provincetown to Ebenezer and a whole crowd of weddin' ing been eaten away by what she's put We struck Cashmere-on-the-Hudson next mornin'. We didn't want to put him but she'd couple on the trumpet and turn see what he had on his head-a reg'lar Cohasset Narrows, must have had some comp'ny down by the landin'. the day of the weddin'. 'Twas a little he said: "Not at all. Pleasure'll be all in' over to that side as if her ballast had Phil said he was sorry we turned in Catesby-Stuart, thought he was sorry everlastin' tony. But when we have in comp'ny-men mostly. He'd see a school -looked mor'n middlin' joyful. They suspicious, as I said-and he changed the git out all there was in that ice-boat. zilla?"

And jest then along comes another feller | Ebenezer came hoppin' over the ice like to," said Mrs. Barlow, slightly reshortened sail and pretty nigh drew out or somewheres, and steer us over in that we let out echoed, as you might say, all That ice boat was a bird. I cal'lated to in the same kind of hooker and gives us toward us. He looked some surprised.